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CHAPTER XVIII.

"So you've got gold in the wagon?"

The next three days were full of strange events. The party which set out from the wagon train to hunt for the canyon were certain that the one near which the renegades had encamped was the place they were looking for.

Taylor and one of the renegades prospected down the valley and found a canyon which Taylor was sure contained the cave and its treasure.

Both parties were working in the dark, but the wagonmen had the advantage. They knew the renegades for what they were, and also discovered that Taylor had joined them. Some of the men were for attacking them and wiping out the whole five to revenge the murder of the emigrant and his wife, but this the captain would not approve. He would lose a man or two at least, even if he won a great victory, and he did not forget that the Indians might make their presence known at any moment.

At the second visit paid the canyon above the renegades the wagonmen penetrated far enough to be certain that this was the one described by Saunders. They would have investigated still closer but for the approach of a storm, which made them anxious to reach the shelter of camp.

Strangely enough, the other party was just as firmly convinced that the other canyon was the right one, and on the forenoon of the third day it was decided that they should move. Bob had told a big story to get the other party off up the valley, and as they had not moved the renegades did not know what to make of it. He could not see why they should question his veracity, but Taylor made the situation plain when he said:

"Harkins has no doubt told them of the cave, and they are making a still hunt for it. Depend upon it, he has given the secret away, and they'll divide up the stuff if they find it."

It was decided to hitch up and move down the valley at once. It would not do for Taylor to be seen, and he was to hide away in the wagon. Bob cooked up what he thought a very plausible yarn, and about noon Joe, who happened to be looking up the valley, saw the wagon a mile away. The rescued girl was at once hidden from sight and the seven men in the camp quietly made ready to meet an attack.

The wagon came on, three of the renegades riding their horses and the fourth driving, while the horses of the latter and the one belonging to Taylor followed the wagon. The vehicle could have passed the camp by fifty yards, but it drove up and halted within ten, and Bob called out:

"Hello! to all of ye again. I reckoned ye'd be up at the diggings by this time, but ye don't seem to keer for gold. I come out to guide these boys, who hev made their pile and are now headed for Brule. Didn't see anything of the lost gal yet?"

The captain being absent with a party, Joe took it upon himself to answer.

"We shall probably move this afternoon. The wagons had to be overhauled and fixed. So you've got gold in the wagon?"

"Gold 'nuff to buy half of Dakota, my friend. Sorry we can't let ye see it, but it's kivered up fur the journey. Meet any luck yet?"

"Only so so. Where did you get that bay horse?"

"I was jist goin to ask ye if ye had ever seen him afore. We met a chap named Taylor a couple of days ago, who was headed for the mines. He allowed he didn't need his hoss any longer, and I bought the beast for fifty dollars."

"Yes, that is Taylor's horse, and I was wondering how you came by him. Was Taylor all right?"

"Seemed to be as pert as a cat. So ye are going away today?"

"That's what we expect."

"Waal, I'm goin on with the boys fur about twenty mile and I may see you as I cum back. Good luck and goodby."

The little party moved off down the valley, every renegade chuckling with satisfaction, and they were soon out of sight. Half an hour later the captain and his party returned and dinner was quickly dispatched and the teams harnessed for a move. By three o'clock a new camp had been formed in the mouth of the canyon. The wagons were run in out of sight, a wall of rock was piled up as a screen and a defense, and in a little cave were found water and grass for the horses for the time being.

It was well that they had moved with promptness and made things secure. Before sunset the rain descended in such torrents that the main valley was almost a river. A good sized stream swept down the bed of the canyon and out into the valley, and within an hour the footprints of the horses and the tracks of the wagons had been obliterated. The storm lasted half the night, causing great discomfort in the camp, but the next day was not three hours old when everybody was made to realize that the storm was his salvation. Some of the men were still eating their breakfast when Joe, who had been down to the mouth of the canyon for a look around, returned and said:

"Injuns till you can't rest!"

"Where? Where?" called half a dozen men.

"In the valley. A band of at least fifty has just gone tearing by."

The fire was burning clear and making no smoke, although it had been built against the wall of the canyon, in a place where the smoke would go filtering up among the trees. Every man was ordered down to the wall, and they reached it in time to see the last of the Indian band disappear up the valley.

"What's your opinion?" asked the captain of Joe as they stood together.

"They are hunting for us. They've got word that we are in this valley and they are trying to locate us. They probably expected to find us at the other camp."

"Well, I hope they'll keep right on as they are going."

"But they won't, captain. They know that we left that camp about noon yesterday. They picked up a dozen proofs of it. They believe we went straight up the valley. They'll figure that we couldn't have gone over ten or twelve miles when the storm broke. Five miles above this they will be looking for our trail. If they don't find it they will rise on five miles farther. Then they will discover that we did not go that way at all."

"And then what?"

"They will come back looking into all the hiding places, and we shall have a fight with odds of five to one."

"I'm afraid so," said the captain, "and this time we cannot look for a rescue by the soldiers. The party which passed down yesterday has no doubt been butchered."

"I think the reds struck into the valley by a pass farther up," answered Joe. "There would have been fighting, and we should have heard the reports of rifles. We must get ready."

The mouth of the canyon was about one hundred feet wide. Seventy-five feet up it narrowed to fifty feet and made a bend. The wagons were in this bend and a wall had already been thrown across a portion of the fifty feet. Every man now went to work to extend this wall to a distance of thirty-five feet and to make it look like a landslide from the bank. Dirt was thrown in among the rocks, and bushes pulled up and set among them, and two or three of the men brought armfuls of vines and creepers and trailed them over the wall.

It would not do to close up the entire width of the canyon, as the Indians probably knew of its existence. The wall made a strong barricade, and as the men surveyed it from the other side they pronounced the deception perfect.

The test was at hand.

They were yet at work when the advance of the Indian party was seen returning down the valley. They knew that if the wagon had come up the valley they had dodged in somewhere.

"Every man to cover and lie low until I give the word," ordered the captain, and in a moment the gloomy mouth of the canyon was as quiet as a graveyard.

[To be Continued.]

WOMAN'S WORLD.

DRESS REFORM WILL BE SEEN AT THE COLUMBIAN FAIR.

Gymnastics in Women's Colleges—Why Girls Go to College—Children Always Dressed Up—Late Mistress of the White House—The Homemaker.

That the question of dress reform has by no means been shelved is apparent in the numerous articles that continue to be printed on the subject. In a Boston periodical a symposium on women's dress is running monthly; in another magazine, a paper on the "Gospel of Dress" is in the same vein, and there are besides constantly recurring paragraphs in many other prints to be met with, not to include the several publications whose sole aim is to advance the cause of this or that hygienic or reform dress. A reading of them all does not point to any very near solution of the problem.

Mrs. Jenness Miller seems to have made the best showing, but even her attractive gowns have failed to become widely adopted. Even union suits have been tried and given up by almost as many women as have retained them, and corsets are sold about as freely today as ever, though they are worn looser.

About the only atrocities that seem to have been perceptibly eliminated are wasp waists and high heeled shoes. Yet every woman who walks out on a windy or rainy day, with her skirts winding about her and the strain of caring for her gown a ceaseless tax, wishes fervently that something could be evolved to make her more comfortable. Several times she has been hopeful; the Mother Hubbard gown offered possibilities, but it was imposed upon and became deservedly distasteful. The later blazer and reefer suits have afforded a considerable degree of relief for shopping and traveling, but as fashion introduced them she is likely to suddenly frown upon them, and what then? Dress reform so far seems to have only come in spots, and evidently has not yet come to stay.

In this regard the action of a company of women in a neighboring town should be widely copied. They pledge themselves to go to the fair next year, if at all, in a single serviceable gown of excellent material and good finish, but made easy and comfortable and unhampered by undue length of skirt. A satchel which may be carried in the hand must hold all other necessities, and thus untrammeled the club hopes to be in a condition to endure a maximum of sightseeing at a minimum of strength and nerve force.

When you think of it the spectacle of a woman with ribs and thorax crushed by tight clothes, movements clogged by enveloping skirts and head bound and weighted with a snug and ponderous hat, strolling through the building devoted to the display of the noble progress of her sex in arts and sciences, will be a sort of humiliating paradox, won't it?—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Gymnastics in Women's Colleges.

Of the modern American college girl in Turkish trousers who crosses swords with a fencing master, vaults bars, climbs ropes, plays ball, rows, swims and decks her boudoir with the trophies of gymnasium tournaments a writer says:

Calisthenics and gymnastics in a desultory way have always been exercised in girls' schools, but physical training as now understood was unknown to all American educational institutions until the past three years. Vassar in its earliest days had a riding school and two foreign masters of horsemanship. To its alumni association Vassar is indebted for its present gymnasium. Wellesley needs a separate gymnasium building, but one of its spacious halls is replete with the paraphernalia demanded by the Sargent system. The Smith institution has a commodious structure. Before equipping it President Seelye visited the gymnasia of Europe. The gymnasium at Bryn Mawr is a beautiful structure, while outside Harvard college perhaps no gymnasium surpasses that at the Women's college in Baltimore. It is equipped with Zander machines at a cost of $8,000. The Swedish system is followed, and Dr. Mary Hall, the most expert woman expounder of Ling, is the instructor, assisted by two Swedish women, graduates of the royal schools of Stockholm.

The students of Harvard annex avail themselves of Dr. Sargent's gymnasium at Cambridge. Most of these gymnasia have race tracks and swimming tanks. The efficacy of the German, Swedish and American (Dr. Sargent's) methods is now the bone of contention among physical trainers. The colleges are divided in their allegiance. Dr. Sargent's system, varied by the Swedish, prevails at Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr and Mount Holyoke, while the Baltimore college advocates Swedish. The development of the heart and lungs by free movements of the body is the basis of the Swedish system, while muscular strength, developed by machine exercise, is the pivot of Dr. Sargent's method. The German system pays less attention to hygiene than the American or Swedish does, and the latter are more educational in their tendency.

Why Do Girls Go to College?

Not a few articles have been written to answer the question why a girl goes to college, but so far no one has had the happy combination of knowledge and audacity to give the reply which would be the true one in many cases—for the sake of having a good time. It is universally acknowledged that hundreds of young men go for that reason; why not, then, a corresponding proportion of young ladies, especially since by them the term "good time" is very likely to be used literally, meaning a good time for themselves and for others? More than half the girl students are preparing for teaching, or have some other clearly defined end in view; but this leaves a number, absolutely if not relatively great, who have no idea of taking up any form of professional work, who study for the mere pleasure of it, taken together with the accessory advantages.

The first class as well as the second, however, can have "a good time" socially, and if it be true that the busiest people are the happiest, and the happiest the busiest, then surely the college girl of today has her full share of occupation and of pleasure. But she has, on the whole, no more occupation than she can well manage and no more pleasure than she deserves. Bryn Mawr is the leader of the new movement in favor of more independence for the students—one which has been wonderfully successful so far, and one which we must hope will prosper even more in the future than it has done in the past. The large majority of college girls are trustworthy, and the tendency of the times is to recognize the fact.—Harper's Bazar.

Bret Harte's young daughter, Jessamy, is taking after her father in the literary calling.

The Late Mistress of the White House.

The death of the president's wife has called forth from all parts of the country expressions of sympathy sincere and touching. The character of Mrs. Harrison indeed was such as to command respect outside of any consideration of the position which she held as mistress of the White House. The phrase which came to the lips and the pens of thousands all over the land when her death was announced was that she represented the best type of American womanhood. This has been said and written so many times that its repetition may seem trite, but as applied to Mrs. Harrison it expresses better than any other form of words the character in which she was known to the American people. She was a true helpmate to her husband intellectually—for she was a cultivated woman—morally and in the material affairs of life. She did her part nobly in his early struggles to establish himself in his profession, and she graced with dignity the highest place in the land.—Boston Commonwealth.